

Full Moon Story

The Banzai Anime Klub of Alberta Monthly Newsletter



Credits

(Whom To Blame)

Brought to you by ZEN GRAFIX©

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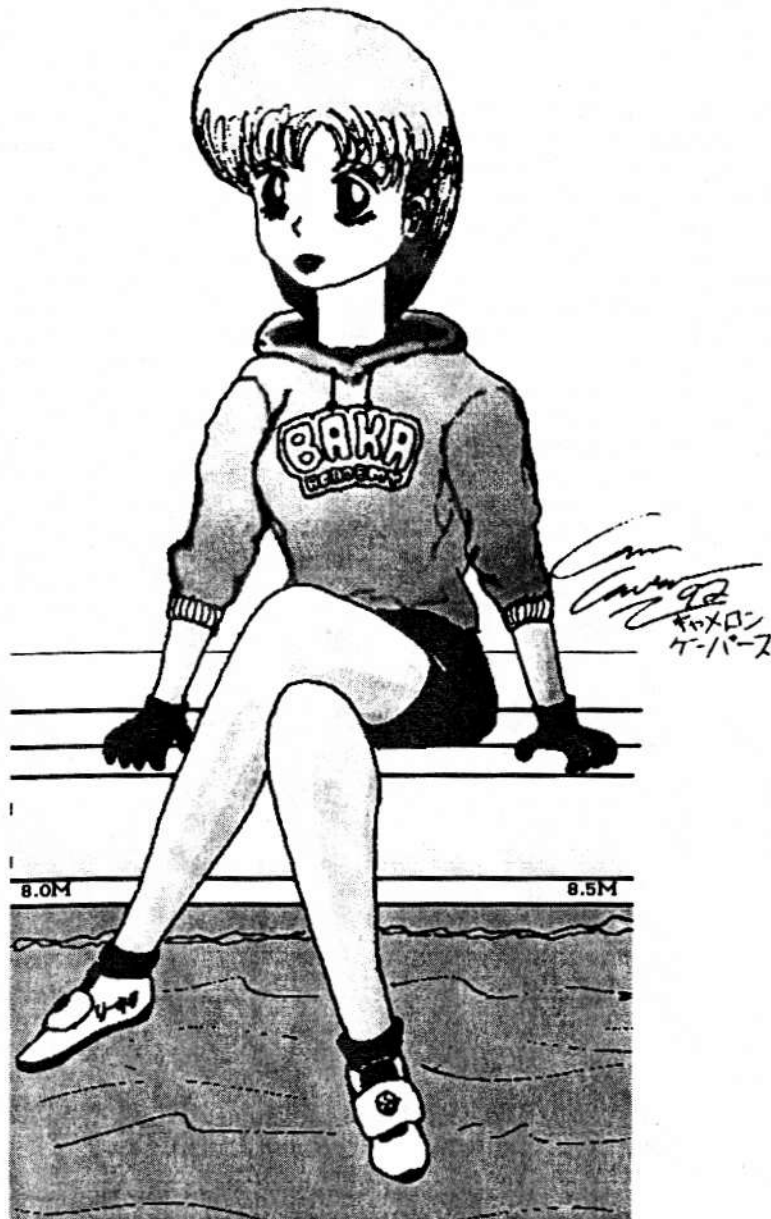


FULL MOON STORY, JANUARY 1993, LUNAR PUBLICATION.
THIS IS NOT AN INDICIA, AND THEREFORE WE AREN'T TRYING
TO ELUDE, PASS OR WEASEL OUT OF RESPONSIBILITY FOR
ANY OFFENCE, HARDSHIP OR UPCOMING PATERNITY SUITS.
FULL MOON STORY IS AN ALBUM BY KITARO AND WE'RE
USING THE TITLE, BUT CHECK IT OUT. IT'S WAY COOL.
PHASES OF THE THREE MOONS IS A SONG BY ANDREAS
VOLLENWEIDER AND WE ARE ALSO BORROWING THAT.
PRINTED ON SLAUGHTERED TREES FOR YOUR BENEFIT AND
ENJOYMENT, SO DON'T YOU FEEL GUILTY NOW??



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Mo' Words From The Editors

Warren Frey

Welcome to the second issue of Full Moon Story! Yes, unlike many other fanzines, we've managed to last two issues, and what's more we've done so with another fanzine being published simultaneously, namely B.A.K.A. no baka. Since I'm on the topic already, I'd like to set out just how we differ from B.A.K.A. no baka. First of all, don't expect to see any synopses or scripts within the pages of Full Moon Story. While synopses are helpful and sometimes vital in understanding our favorite hobby, they don't lend themselves to a newsletter devoted to a) club events and b) the more "artistic" side of anime. Synopses do appeal to a wide cross section of the anime audience, which is why it's a good idea to have them in B.A.K.A. no baka, a truly international publication. Secondly, don't expect reviews of specific anime. We aim to instead study an artist each month in our Animator Spotlight series, and to highlight the contributions that animator has made to the anime world through his or her work. However, just as we are not a good medium for some articles better served by B.A.K.A. no baka, we fill a niche that a "larger" fanzine like B.A.K.A. no baka cannot. This is the newsletter for fan fiction and to a lesser extent, fan artwork. If you have stories, manga or just sketches you would like to contribute, by all means show them to us and we will try to fit them in as circumstances allow. Our goal isn't to become a large newsletter, but at the same time we can only benefit through diversity. Hopefully, we'll begin seeing and including your contributions in the next few issues if all goes well. For now, enjoy this issue and let us know what you think. We can't operate in a vacuum if we want to represent the club.



Harvey Lee

"If you want things done right, you gotta do it yourself".

Well, that's more or less why I'm involved with FMS. Years ago, a cartoon strip I co-created was rejected by *The Gateway* and I wondered if there was anywhere else I could publish my strip. Time had passed, and then I got wind of the Animation & Cartooning Club. Things went fine for the club in a status quo kinda way.

Then Dave Verhagen became club president. Animating and cartooning gave way to Japanese animation. That's all we watched. That's all we did. Nothing was accomplished. All our goals, all our dreams, all hope were abandoned. We had no purpose other than to watch Anime.

I'm not saying Anime is a bad thing. What I am saying is former president elect Verhagen is. Or rather was, until Ben Koshy was elected. Then the fire was back. We had purpose. We had goals. We finally got an office to watch Anime in. Well, at least we aren't just sitting around like fat cats on a hot summer day. Merchandise buys were starting up. B.A.K.A. no baka was getting off the ground. We expanded to become the official Batman fan club! **NOT!!!**

But something horrible has been happening to the club. Purpose is distorting. Are we getting too big for our britches? Did we bite off more than we can chew?

Are we going too far, too fast? What I am sure of is, egos are expanding on a grand scale and that's not doing the rest of us any good. Conflicts are erupting. Opinions are suppressed. Quality of work is giving way to endeavors of self-gratification. We are experiencing political BS.

Then a group of people got together to produce a newsletter to unite the diverse opinions, interests and ideas that isn't just Anime related.

These people comprise ZEN GRAFIX©. And to top it off, they can work together without the censoring influence of political BS.

I don't consider what I'm doing self-gratifying, but rather a professional courtesy to you, the reader. I believe in quality rather than quantity. I want to bring to you something that breaks all the rules of desk top publishing, but still give you something enjoyable. I wanted to be involved in something I can be proud of. So far, so good. Enjoy folks.



Lunar Retrospectives

Cam Cavers

(This issue's column covers about two or three months in the life of BAKA; please bear with us until we can manage to publish FMS on a regular basis. -Cam)



November was a normal month for BAKA; one club moved out of our office (the Ismaili Students) and two moved in (Alternativa and WUSC). Actually, we have yet to see either of the new clubs, but I'm sure that they'll be along any month now. I'm sure we're all wondering how long our latest roommates will last...

We also distributed our first issue of this very publication; thankfully, it seemed to go over quite well with all the members. Thanks for the donations, particularly to whoever threw in the loonies and quarters; we almost managed to pay for the first issue. I'll use some space here to thank everyone who worked on the issue, especially Harvey for doing the bulk of the actual layout work. If you're reading this, I guess we managed to publish a second issue. (By the way - let us know if you'd be willing to buy another poster; we're thinking of a gloss, 11" x 17", colour poster...)

I'll also mention that BAKA's other publication, *B.A.K.A. no baka*, featured its first ever colour cover. If you don't have a copy yet, talk to Vlad... And, in a related story, the BAKA bank account is still pretty low. We're going to look into getting a grant from the Students' Union, so watch this column for updates on that...

I had better take some space right about here to congratulate our co-editor Wolf Wikeley on his performance in the beginner class of the Canadian finals Japanese speech competition. After placing second in the regional semi-final, a few quick additions to his speech brought Wolf the first place title in Montreal. What was the topic of his speech, you may be wondering? "Banzai Japanese Animation"; the Tendo Akane, Hibiki Ryohga, and Kunoh Tatewaki voice characterizations were a big hit, I hear. The whole Edmonton team did very well overall, with Mr. Herbert Lee taking second place in the same category, Mr. Delmer Cox taking second in the advanced division, and Ms. Sumiko Morikawa earning second place in the open category. (It should be noted that although Ms. Kit Koon did not place in the official results, her efforts both individually and together with the rest of Team Edmonton proved exemplary and inspirational. -WW) The result of Team Edmonton's relative success seems to be that those of us in Japanese 102 now have to do **speeches** as our final presentation!

Also, on the same weekend, several BAKA members attended the Metro theatre's showing of *Fist of the North Star*. It was not as artistically sound as their last anime

presentation, *Robot Carnival*, but it is nice to see anime getting some public attention. I was recuperating from a karate tournament and could not attend, but several of those who did make it down to Canada Place report that, as is the case with any extremely violent action anime presented to a suitably inclined audience, it was a lot of laughs.

The only two club events that really happened in December were our two pre-Christmas get-togethers. The party at SUB was more or less the average BAKA video meeting, with that festive holiday meal, pizza, thrown in. The executive party at Marcellus's house was a lot of fun; see elsewhere in this issue for a pictorial account of that event.

Also in December, former BAKA president Ben Koshy opened his computer store (finally). For anyone who wants to check it out, visit The Computer Edge, on the lower level of Heritage Mall. I'll wish Ben good luck with the store, because if he goes out of business, I'm out of a job, and like most anime fan, I need lots of money...

While I'm at it, I might as well go through what's happened in the first half of this month. After getting back to school in the new year, nothing has really changed; we're all hanging around the office as usual, wondering where our new roommates are. Oh, wait, I guess I should mention that we had an election, due to the fact that half the people we elected last year were too busy with frivolous pursuits, like running a business and trying to pass Computing Science courses. Our new president is Marcellus Wong, the vice-president position has been filled by Warren Frey, our Students' Union rep (and resident Doreman) is Winson Lai, and our new secretary is Dave Cruickshank. Marcellus's leadership was quickly put to the test as he commanded BAKA's information table in CAB and Business for the first week of university. We have a promising list of anime fans to add to the roster of our organization; hopefully, some of them will be reading this article after joining BAKA this month.

Well, that's about it, except for one thing. I just paid for my second year of membership today, and I have to say that it's been a good year; BAKA has grown a lot even in the past twelve months, and I look forward to the continuing development of the club. Through events such as Con*Fusion, Mecha Ball, our info tables at the start of each semester, meetings, and private events at members' houses, I've seen more anime than I ever thought I wanted to see. I'm sure that this club will keep evolving and maintaining animation fandom for a long time to come. Until next month, さようなら.



Phases of the Three Moons

(story feature)

BLUE PHANTOM 3015

(part 2 of 3)

Wolf Wikeley



Late in the following week, on a similarly tranquil evening, Commander Stryker paid a return visit to the Sheptech building. As usual, Dr. Bryant showed her to Sheppard's office, and promptly left the two alone. Stryker chose not to take a seat this time; Shep remained on his feet as well.

"The usual problems?" he asked her carefully.

"Yeah... Look, Doctor, could I trouble you for something to drink before I go on?"

"Sure." He smiled graciously. "No trouble at all, Commander." Shep stepped over to the refrigerator concealed in the wall. "What would you like?"

"Do you have the Tropical Fantasy?" she asked. He didn't bother to nod, just got out a bottle of Tropical Fantasy. It was one of the new fashionable 0.25% alcohol coolers, chilled almost to the point of freezing, and flavoured with all sorts of exotic juices. Shep handed the ice-cold bottle to Stryker. "Thanks."

He watched her pop the top and drink down some of the cooler, and then she screwed the top back on and started talking.

"Every night for the past week, the Phantom's been on my tail. I just can't shake him. My superiors are suggesting that I give up the night watch and see if that discourages him, since he's obviously personally bent on me. But that's not the right way for a Commander to handle it! It just scares me so much... Being stalked every night by an unidentified mecha, and I don't even know why..." Stryker was visibly shaken by the whole affair.

"Maybe..." Shep tried to add a little levity to lift her spirits. "Maybe he likes you."

"Oh yeah? Then why doesn't the A\$\$ just tell me in person?" Stryker managed a chuckle despite herself.

"You're a very impressive officer," said Shep. "Some people might find you intimidating, in addition to being supremely attractive..." Stryker looked intently at Shep for an instant.

"I suppose you've got a point... Thanks, Shep." She smiled at him. And then she took a seat after all, Sheppard doing the same. "Now, let's get down to business. Your last telegram

said you might have a solution to the tracking problem."

"Indeed..." Sheppard seemed to consider for a moment. "Yes, I've been working very intensely on a new tracking device. Once you sample a suit's individual subspace polarity signature, even from extreme range, the tracker will be calibrated to recognize and pursue that mecha. And as you know, there's no way to change a ship's signature without changing its polarity points - not something you can do in mid-flight."

"That sounds perfect, Dr. Sheppard." Stryker's eyes lit up as she realized how ideal the tracker appeared to be. "How soon can you have a model ready for me..."

"Tonight, Commander... Though I won't be able to come out and test it with you. One of our suit prototypes is in need of a major workout. Dr. Bryant has already agreed to fill in for me. Just meet her with your own mecha, and as few other ESS ships as possible. That should make it extra easy to attract him and then reel him in. The tracker's programmed not only to give you pursuit lock but communications and missile lock as well. Okay?"

"Better than okay, Doctor. Excellent." She finished her drink at length, and in silence, under Sheppard's observation, and then they both stood. She shook his hand warmly. "Thank-you, Shep. Now maybe we can finally end this mystery."

"Let's hope it ends well, Commander Stryker."

"My name's Jess, Shep. You could use it if you wanted." Sylvan Sheppard nearly lost his balance. "I'd be more comfortable as your friend than as your taskmaster," she explained. A slight amount of colour had risen in her cheeks. "Well, if we're going to be bringing the Phantom down tonight, I'll need to get ready. Good night, Shep."

"Good night... Jess..." After her departure, Sheppard went immediately to his secure prototype storage area, both to avoid Dr. Bryant and to try and concentrate on the work at hand.

Shortly before nightfall, Stryker made rendezvous with Ashleigh Bryant outside the hangar at the city's ESS headquarters. The Commander was fully suited up in her custom combat mecha, the Red Rage. It stood twelve feet tall, was bulky in a curvaceous way, and was obviously armed to the teeth with everything from lasers to missile racks to polarity disc emitters. Ashleigh waited for the suit to stand still, then got out of her Sheptech van, carrying a parcel of

electronics about the size of a briefcase. Stepping towards the Red Rage, she raised Stryker on her wrist communicator.

"Commander, could I get you to kneel down and lean forward so I can attach this to your spinal circuit taps?" Stryker complied, and Bryant deftly interfaced the tracking unit. "Okay, it's got power and it registers as active. In terms of your HUD coordination, it's operated by helmet Windows, under Tools. You'll figure the rest out quickly. Got it?"

"Uh... Yes, got it. I'm not used to using Windows," Stryker replied, bringing her mecha back to a standing position.

"Get used to it. Most of our new products run it... It's time to get off the ground, I think, Commander. I'll stay secure in the area to help coordinate you should you need it... By the way, I see you haven't got any backup?" The Red Rage shook its metallic head.

"No, Doctor. This is personal."

Bright blue flames sparked from the mecha's foot thrusters, and Commander Stryker took to the air, cruising around the area at a moderate velocity. Despite the air of suspense, Stryker still found herself subject to the calming effects of the night, still found her imagination running off on her while her body braced for action. As she flew across the outer cityscape and beyond to wander the hills and forests, she pictured herself as some sort of warrior queen in a tropical rain forest, chasing after an unidentified rustling in the trees... Stryker indulged herself in the lush imagery for a long while, but as

the hour grew late relaxation gave way to overwhelming restlessness, and she shook herself free of the tropical fantasy.

"Two a.m.," she mused to herself and no one else. "He's not usually this late..."

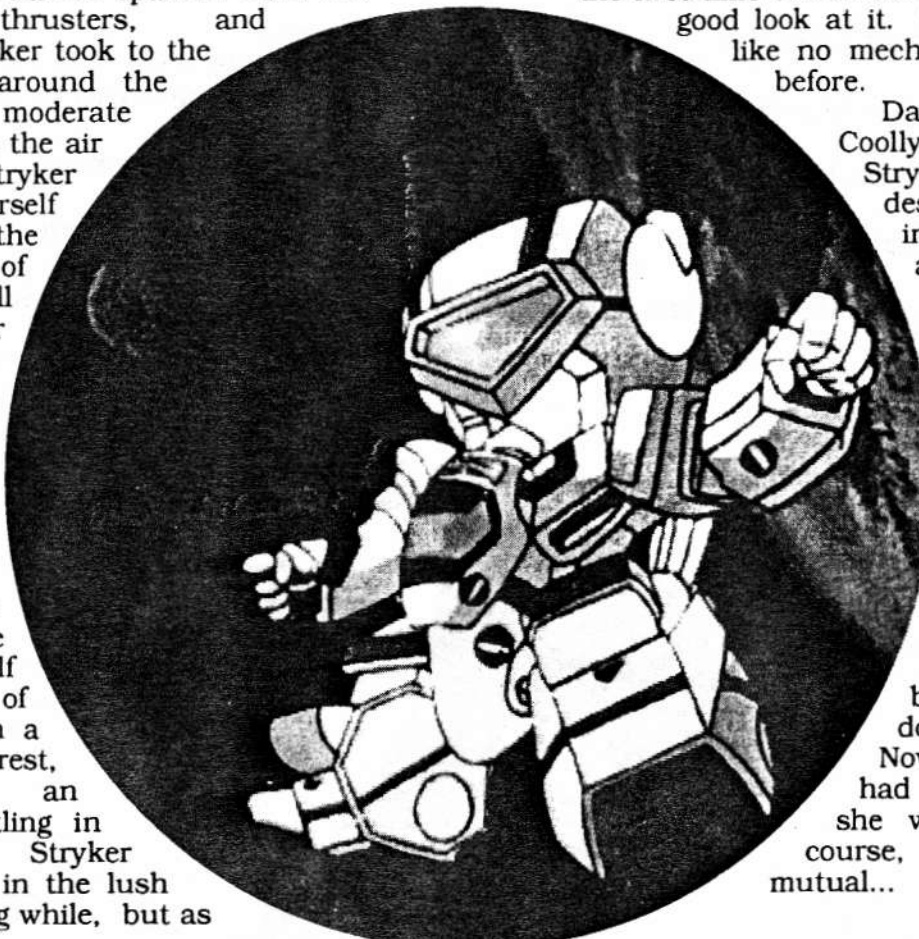
After another half hour, Stryker began seriously considering abandoning the initiative and trying again tomorrow. And then, she chanced a glance up at the crescent moon and saw exactly what she'd been waiting for. The Blue Phantom mecha hovered at high altitude, silhouetted in silver light, plain for anyone to see. Nothing could be more obvious: he wanted to be spotted. She teased the back thruster controls, setting off in a slow ascent towards him, while training her image-enhancement gear on him. The brightened-up, magnified image displayed in her

virtual-reality helmet array was a beautiful, sapphire blue, and the suit's humanoid styling was almost statuesquely handsome. It was really the first time she'd had a chance to take a good look at it. The Phantom was like no mecha she'd ever seen before.

Dazzlingly beautiful. Coolly terrifying. Stryker's mind desperately failed to integrate her facts and feelings regarding the scintillating stalker. She slowed her climb momentarily,

still closing on the Phantom. So many times she'd longed to catch him off guard, get one good look at him before sending him down in flames. Now, it appeared she had him right where she wanted him. Of course, the situation was mutual...

"My name's Jess, Shep. You could use it if you wanted." Sylvan Sheppard nearly lost his balance. "I'd be more comfortable as your friend than as your taskmaster..."



Empty Orchestra

FMS Karaoke Vocal Collection

[Ai*Oboete imasuka] Do You Remember Love?

Lyrics: Kazumi Yasui

Musical Composition: Wahiko Katoh

Musical Arrangement: Nobuyuki Kiyomizu

Singer: Mari Iijima

Translation: Lester Yung (all by himself!)

Ima anata no koe ga kikoeru
[Koko ni oide] to
Samishisa ni makesoo na watashi ni

Seemingly defeated by loneliness,
I can hear your voice now
Saying to me "Come here."

Ima anata no sugata ga mieru
Aruite kuru
Me o tojite matte iru watashi ni

Closing my eyes and waiting,
I can see your figure now
Come walking up to me.

Kinoo made namida de kumotteta
Kokoro wa ima...

My heart was clouded up by tears until
yesterday, but now...

Oboete imasu ka me to me ga atta toki o
Oboete imasu ka te to te ga fureatta toki
Sore wa hajimete no ai no tabidachi deshita
I LOVE YOU SO

Do you remember when your eyes met?
Do you remember when our hands touched?
That was the first start of love's journey.
I LOVE YOU SO

Ima anata no shisen kanjiru
Hanaretete mo
Karadachuu ga atatakaku naru no

Even apart
I feel your line of sight to me now,
And it makes me warm inside.

Ima anata no ai shinjimasu
Doozo watashi o
Tooku kara mimamotte kudasai

I believe in your love now,
So please,
Keep watch over me from afar.

Kinoo made namida de kumotteta
Sekai wa ima...

My world was clouded by tears until
yesterday, but now...

(repeat chorus)

(repeat chorus)

Moo hitori botchi ja nai
Anata ga iru kara

I'm no longer alone
Because you are with me.

(repeat chorus)

(repeat chorus)

Moo hitori botchi ja nai
Anata ga iru kara...

I'm no longer alone
Because you are with me...



Hollywood Minute

Disney: That was then. This is now.

Warren Frey

In the last few years, the North American public has heard many pronouncements from Hollywood that American animation is undergoing a "New Renaissance" equal only to Disney's Golden Age in the '30's and '40's. While it is true that there is more animation on the market today than in the last 20 years, and it is also true that some of it is quite good, it is a mistake to think that North American animation has improved to a point anywhere near its glorious past. It is also erroneous to claim that American animation is the best in the world, when it is merely engaging in what the business world calls quality control.

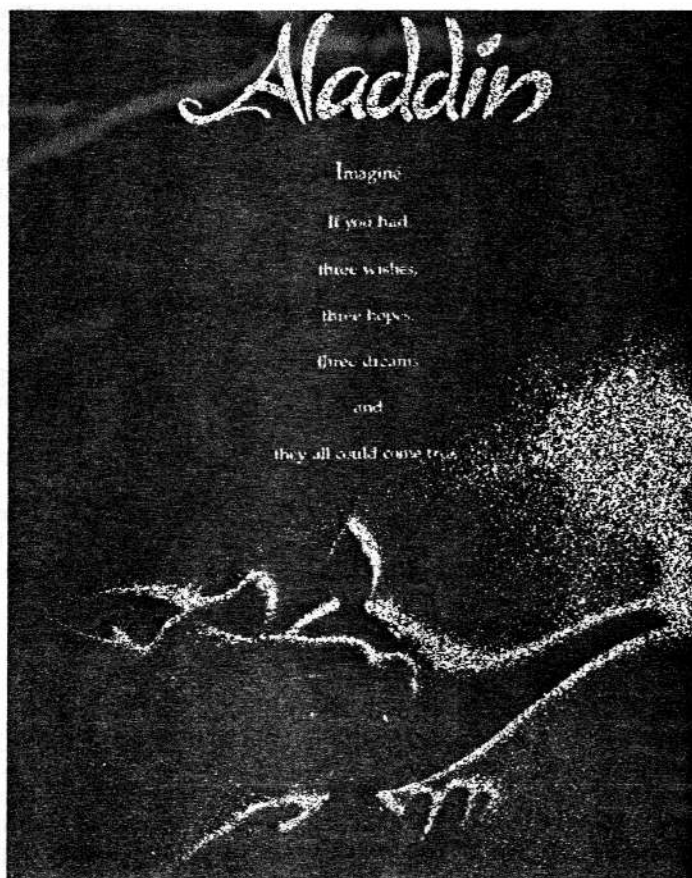
Business is an apt parallel for the contemporary state of American animation. Like America's other industries, US animation is badly outclassed by its Japanese counterparts. One need look no farther than television for proof of this fact. Rumiko Takahashi's *Ranma 1/2*, *Maison Ikkoku* and *Urusei Yatsura* all have production values that would be deemed prohibitive in America. And yet these shows are not expensive, they are merely well crafted, with attention to detail and to maintaining a certain level of quality for the audience. American television, on the other hand is filled with such offerings as the *Jetsons*, the *Smurfs*, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* and other poorly animated programs, produced cheaply with a minimum of effort. The main focus is on selling sugar coated lumps or

easily breakable plastic figures during the commercial break, not with entertaining the audience. Shows like the *Simpsons* and *Ren and Stimpy* are the exception to this rule, but they again suffer from poor animation. These shows are well written, to be sure, but so is *Ranma 1/2*, and with better artwork. The film world does not fare much better. Much has been

made of Disney's new forays into animated features such as *The Little Mermaid*, *Beauty and the Beast* and *Alladin*. While these films contain some of the best animation one is likely to see from an American company, they cannot equal the cream of the Japanese crop. Whereas Disney spends millions on computer generated background and control of character movements, Hayao Miyazaki achieves the same level of quality at a much lower cost with equal if not better results.

Furthermore, Miyazaki's character's do not suffer from "rubber-face" syndrome, as do most of Disney's characters. Other American

animated films scarcely bear mentioning, such as Don Bluth's assorted travesties and blatantly commercial garbage such as *"Jetsons: The Movie"*. In short then it is obvious that American animation has a long way to go before it can equal the standards of quality that are taken for granted in Japanese animation. It is quite likely that the Americans will never reach this point, since they have less of an interest in animation and are less willing to invest in quality, than their Japanese counterparts. If this turns out to be the case, so much the better. Perhaps it will mean that more people will turn to Japanese animation and Japanese culture, and away from the increasingly bankrupt American approach to animated art.



10% GAIKOKUGO

A Guide to Reading English Words in Japanese

By Wolf Wikeley

As some readers may be aware, roughly ten percent of the spoken Japanese language comprises "loan words" or "borrowed words" from the English language. This represents to Japanese society a historical practice of adapting outside elements to suit Japanese requirements. This represents to the anime fan, or to the beginning student of Japanese, an immediate handle upon a tenth of what is heard or read. In terms of listening comprehension, though, the untrained ear will often have considerable trouble picking out the "loan words". And in order to train the ear, enrollment in a Japanese language course is a must. However, training to recognize and read "loan words" in Japanese script is relatively simple. This is not to say that it does not take years of practice to become truly proficient. Still, the basics skills can easily be picked up.

The first thing a student needs is the chart of *Katakana*, a set of about fifty-six phonetic symbols. Each symbol denotes a specific syllable in Japanese phonetics - usually including a consonant and always including a vowel. Starting out, one can consult the chart when deciphering phonetic script, but memorization is highly recommended.

<i>dan</i> <i>gyoo</i>	/a/	/i/	/u/	/e/	/o/	zero
a	ア	イ	ウ	エ	オ	
ka /k/	カ	キ	ク	ケ	コ	
sa /s/	サ	シ	ス	セ	ソ	
ta /t/	タ	チ	ツ	テ	ト	
na /n/	ナ	ニ	ヌ	ネ	ノ	
ha /h/	ハ	ヒ	フ	ヘ	ホ	
ma /m/	マ	ミ	ム	メ	モ	
ya /y/	ヤ	(イ)	ユ	(エ)	ヨ	
ra /r/	ラ	リ	ル	レ	ロ	
wa /w/	ワ	(キ)	(ウ)	(エ)	ヲ	
n' /n'/						ン

Advanced Hints on Using the Katakana Chart

*When you see the character ツ written small between other symbols like ノット, treat it like a shortening of the preceding vowel or a doubling of the following consonant. So, this becomes "Notto" or "Not!".

*You will often notice *Katakana* that you recognize, but with two dots or one circle on their top right

corners. These are indications of a pronunciation modification of the consonant sound. In fact, they make the consonant either plosive or voiced. Example: ホ has the normal sound while ホ* has the plosive modification and is therefore "po" instead of "ho". The same pattern is true for all of the "h-" level *kana*. Another example is the difference between タ and タ* ("ta") and タ* ("da"). Here, the two-dot symbol is used to represent voicing of the initial consonant. This is used in a number of applicable levels of *kana* - hence, "t-" becomes "d-", "s-" becomes "z-" and "k-" becomes "g-". This takes some getting used to but I have found that in the end it's an economical way to write a large number of syllables with a small number of symbols.

* The "t-" and "s-" levels of *Katakana* have a number of exceptions in their pronunciations; these should be carefully noted. Specifically, ツ is not "tu" but "tsu", チ is not "ti" but "chi", シ is not "si" but "shi"; also their two-dots counterparts are respectively "zu", "ji", and "ji".

* When you see a compound syllable, like シャ, where the second symbol is written smaller, pronounce using the consonant of the first symbol but the vowel of the second. So, this becomes "Shya" or simply "Sha". Similarly, ティ becomes "ti", a syllable that's almost impossible for Japanese people to pronounce.

* English has separate "l" and "r" phonemes, but in Japanese they are identical. So think of the *Katakana* set ラリルレロ as neither "l" nor "r" but both.

* Japanese has no "v" consonant. So when transliterating from English, two systems are used. Either select the "h-" level *kana* with the appropriate vowel and use the two dots to make it "b-" - a close approximation of "v", or use the symbol for "u", ウ, add two dots, and use a small *kana* to fill in the appropriate vowel. You may see either of these systems in operation; the former is older and more established but the latter is gaining ground.

Using the chart and hints we have provided, try decoding the "borrowed words" in this example of Japanese script:

カナダにはアニメなどがずぶんたかいぞ。

This sentence is mostly written in informal Japanese, but the actual topic of the sentence is a borrowed word; it's easy to recognize it in the more angular, simpler script of *Katakana*. As well, the sentence starts with a familiar place name, also in *Katakana*.

Working with the chart or by memory, we can read the first word, カナダ, as "ka na da". Even if you know nothing about Japanese phonetics or pronunciation, that certainly looks a lot like "Canada". And, in fact, it is. We skip over two characters that are in a different script (*Hiragana*, used to write native Japanese words), and arrive at アニメ, which we read as "a ni me". Surely another word most readers will recognize - a borrowed word that has been shortened somewhat. So, without knowing any Japanese or any real rules of pronunciation, you've got the two ideas that the sentence focuses on. (Looking at the Japanese side of it, "ni wa" is a locational relational, "nado" means "and the like", "ga" is a topic marker, "zuibun" means "extremely", "takai" means "expensive", and "zo" is an emphatic particle. Thus, the whole sentence renders as "Kanada ni wa anime nado ga zuibun takai zo", or "In Canada, anime and the like is extremely expensive".) Sometimes, there will be complications in trying to decipher *Katakana* words. For example, the Japanese phonetic pronunciation might be a totally unrecognizable derivation of the English word. Alternately, the *Katakana* word might be an abbreviation, or a word taken out of context. And *Katakana* is used to write any foreign word, not just English. But, I believe it's still worthwhile to at least learn this script. That way, when you see something like this:

きまぐれ オレンジ ロード

You'll recognize that it identifies one of the most remarkable animated series around, *Kimagure Orange Road*, and not just any old artifact from *Nikaku*.)

Here's a few of the requisite "puzzles" or "teasers" that I've seen better authors including in this sort of article. Answers are given on the last page.

ガンダム
マクロス
バイオレンス ジャック
ボーグマン
アイス ティー
アキラ
スバル
トイレット
サイクロプス
シャンア
フルムーン ストリ
サイレント メビウス

For further study of the writing

and reading of *Katakana*, there are many books available. For Japanese study in general, I strongly recommend the University of Alberta's Japanese courses, offered by the department of East Asian Languages and Literatures. Experts in the department such as アーントゼンせんせい, かわしめんせい, おおたせんせい, てらくらせんせい, and おおほりせんせい have lent only a fraction of their knowledge to me - knowledge made priceless by enthusiasm - and as such they are my own most vital resource for information and inspiration. The University of Alberta has one of the finest EALL Departments in all of Canada - as demonstrated by the performance of Team Edmonton (もりかわすみこさん, コックスさん デルマー, リーハーバトさん, ワイクリ ウォルフ, and カンケツユさん) in the Canada-Wide Japanese Speech Contest on November 22, 1992 in Montréal.



OPINIONATED

The Hard Cell

Harvey Lee

I recently made an excursion to West Edmonton Mall, to follow up the rumor of animation cells being sold at one of the many art stores. To my delight (and convenience) it was the first store I encountered, WALL STREET GALLERY. Upon entering, I spotted the wall devoted to the work of Chuck Jones and Fritz Freeling. What hung were various Looney Toons and some Pink Panther stuff.

The material was standard and not too spectacular when one has been overexposed to animation speed lines. Nonetheless, it was a quaint reminder of ones childhood friends. Note that they weren't one-of-a-kind, original cell drawings from any of their respective shows, but mass produced "lithographs", that so happen to have the artists' signature (mass produced mind you). This didn't upset me too much, since I wasn't going to buy anything anyway.

Then HE arrived. A SALESMAN. I hate SALESMEN. They never know when to lay off. They can't even take a simple hint like, "go away". He pounced like the ravaging animal that they are, going straight for the jugular. He tried to make a sale.

It started kind of casual, talking of how great they are, and how they just aren't pictures, but that they also carry an investment value. Yours for only \$225.00 to \$1,600.00. Oh! He then went on to point out the collectability of such work, by stating the advanced age of misters Jones and Freeling and their inevitable deaths. Now I was getting upset. I understand the nuances of collecting, having collected comic books for some time, but to hype up the potential deaths of the two men that helped raised me and possible you too, appalled me. This was sacrilegious! My guard has just gone into overdrive.

I went forth to mention my involvement in the Animation & Cartooning Club, and how I understood many things about the business

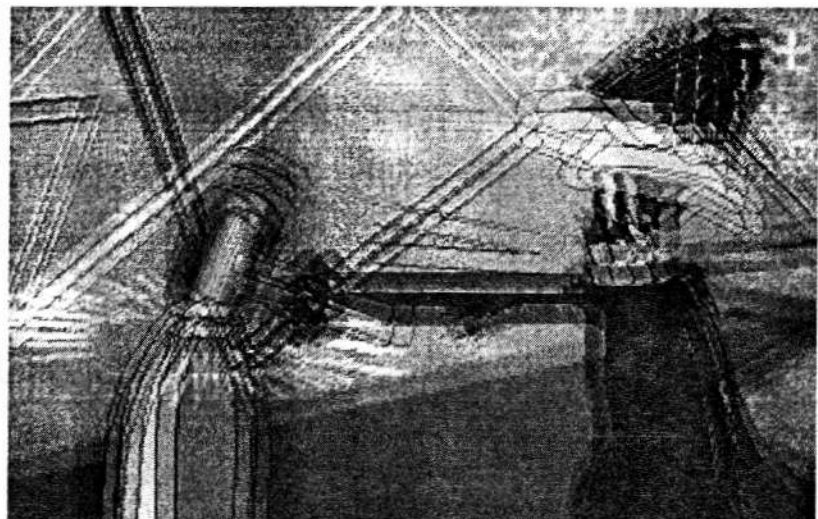
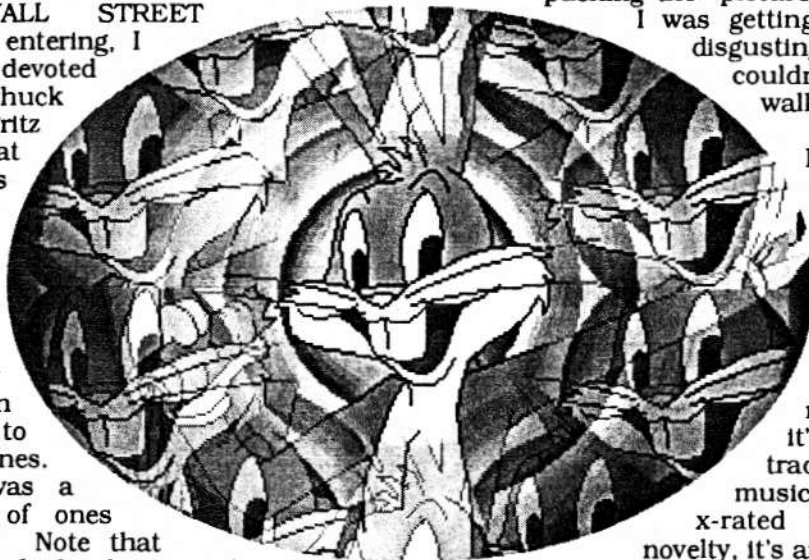
of animation. This didn't sink in, because he started to explain how the Japanese did not use cells, but painted everything onto a large glass plate, photographed it and then cleaned it for the next shot. I tried to correct him, but he told me I was wrong. He didn't even follow the "customer is always right" policy. Stupid huh. Tell that to Ben, John and all the rest who bought anime "cells".

He was getting desperate. You could smell the money he wasn't making burning away. He kept pushing the "picture with an investment" shtick.

I was getting dirty from being near his disgustingly corrupted aura. I just couldn't take it anymore, so I walked out.

The moral of this story? Fluff. People using high pressure sales tactics to sell the public what they don't need, or want. Especially if it contradicts with ones' ethics and principals. Take for example the sports trading cards. They started out fine, 'cause they were a novelty item back then. Now it's trading card this and trading card that. Comics, music, movies, crime and even x-rated trading cards. It's not a novelty, it's an investment. Aok! Thppbt!

Consumers just don't remember how supply and demand work anymore. Or remember it at all. That's why we're so willing to jump at every "investment", like lemmings over the cliff edge. Gimmicks nowadays seem to be evolving at the same rate as technology, oh about double every decade. Scary to think of hologram tech vs. cold fusion. kinda makes ya wonder what is important in life these days. What can you do, but say "Get outta my face punk!"



RECOLLECTIONS OF MARCELLUS WONG'S HOLIDAY PARTY

Wolf Wikeley

Despite how abominably cold it was in December 1992, somehow the modest number of guests from the Animation and Cartooning Club managed to make the trek over to Marcellus Wong's place on the 22nd. I was the first person to arrive and the last person to leave; I saw, heard, and participated in just about everything that went on. Hence, my recollections of the party are detailed and many, if somewhat personally biased. For all those readers who missed this event, or for all those readers who would just like to remember with me, here is the long and short of the President's holiday party.

This was to be my first engagement as a live guitarist (not to imply that I was dead until then). So I was understandably nervous for a number of hours, and Mars and I practiced while waiting for more guests to arrive. With all the keyboard power we brought together (a Roland S10, a Casio CT-670, a Casio MT-540, and two Yamaha guitar-synths), we could easily have filled the air with whimsically electronic holiday anthems - at the touch of a few buttons. However, we both elected to turn out light jazz and fusion improvisations most of the time. The sound of a sour note on my guitar or a reverberating buzz from Mars' s Cube 60 greeted many a guest, as company started arriving towards the evening. And then of course there were requisite breaks to trade in-jokes with Warren, Cam, Rick, and the others. I also had to let my fingertips recover from sliding across the axe, and Marcellus, I'm sure, had to rest his ears after my amateur cacophony of riffs. We played a few games on the local Super NES (including, as expected, さんま 1/2). I believe most of the guests also watched some British comedy and some anime, but I can't be sure - I was probably regenerating my blues spirit at the time. In fact, by around eight o'clock, I had nearly collapsed, and was totally unconscious to the world. After seven hours of almost straight six-stringing practice, I was understandably tired. And I was beginning to fear that our guest of honour would not show up. I remember Winson and Cory wondering what was with me as I slouched on the couch with my guitar across my knees, refusing both food and conversation.

But, much to my own relief, and I'm sure to those who were concerned for my sanity, our guest of honour arrived shortly; I greeted Kit Koon at the door with my axe still slung over my shoulder, and after a short argument about the address of the place, we attacked the spectacular array of food that Marcellus's family had set up. (I'm certain it was my fault; my English is sometimes worse than my Japanese. Not enough practice in either, I guess.) At that point, any uninitiated spectator would surely have opened his or

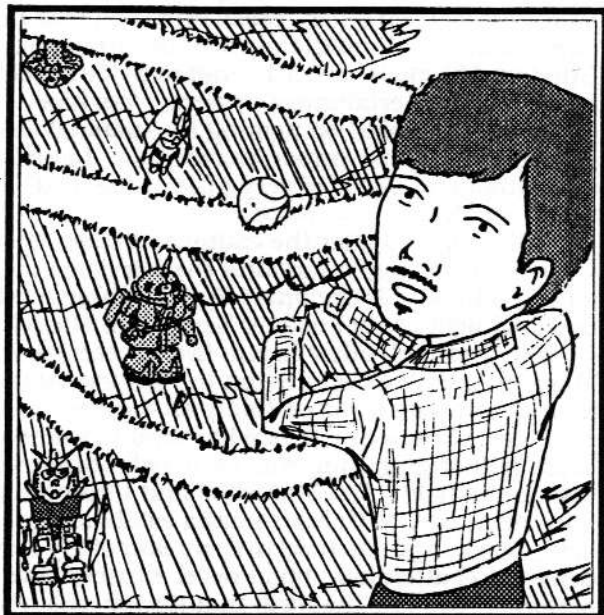
her eyes in wonder at the complete impression of Marcellus's grand affair. Mass attention that had been directed in turn from the musical instruments, to the Gundam MS model expertly crafted by our President, to the home entertainment system, was now exclusively focussed on making the nominal dinner charge of \$4.00 per person worthwhile. I must say that although I sampled very little of the food, I believe it was worthwhile and more.

During and after the eating activities, there was a further congregation around the television for, among others, *SD Gundam Mk. II*. Subsequently, the true highlight of my holidays began, as Marcellus and I challenged each other to jam live for everyone. Though I'm still a beginner on the electric guitar, after nine or so hours I was certainly as warmed up as I could get. Everyone gathered around to watch and listen (although getting Warren to calm down was a task and a half). And Marcellus and I threw ourselves into the music, with his Yamaha establishing a warm, light mood, and the howl and scream of my axe demanding attention. I had never expected live performance to be the thrill that it was; though I was too shy to look at anyone while playing, still I felt the emotional resonance that reverberated from the audience. I felt like I was telling friends and strangers alike things I could never have articulated in words, and acceptance was my reward. More than acceptance, I hoped, as I tried to convince myself that the applause meant I'd done a good job for an amateur.

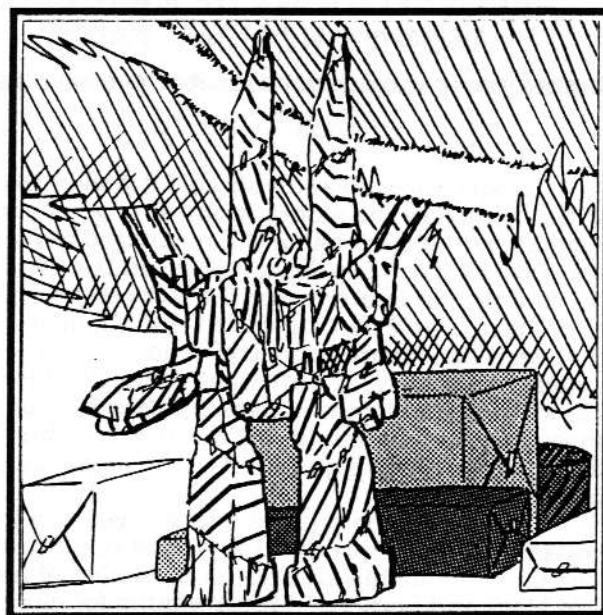
Since that was the climax of the party for me, I don't remember much of anything else that happened. I know that I spent a few quiet moments with the guest of honour, checking out one of my boards and playing the chords to various songs we knew. And I remember giving out copies of my 12th album, *MaDdOg*, to anyone that wanted one. And of course, before each guest left, Marcellus presented him or her with a package of Z-Gundam Mechanical Edition cards. But, indeed, the hour eventually drew too late even for such a lively party to continue, and our numbers started dropping. And by midnight, Marcellus's special holiday party was just a fond memory for the guests. Of course, Marcellus has a number of excellent photographs of the event, depicting everything from the amassed ranks of Strike Force BAKA, to a rather demonic-looking Jonathan Janke, to the Strike Force converging upon the food table. To everyone who was there - especially the host and the guest of honour - I extend my heartfelt thanks for one of the most memorable experiences I've had. To our readers, I hope you'll forgive the personal angle to this article, but these are the clearest recollections I have to share. When I think of BAKA, I think not of a bunch of no-lifers who watch cartoons, but of the group of friends who listened to my music and in whose midst I parted and built memories that will last forever.



Christmas at Vlads



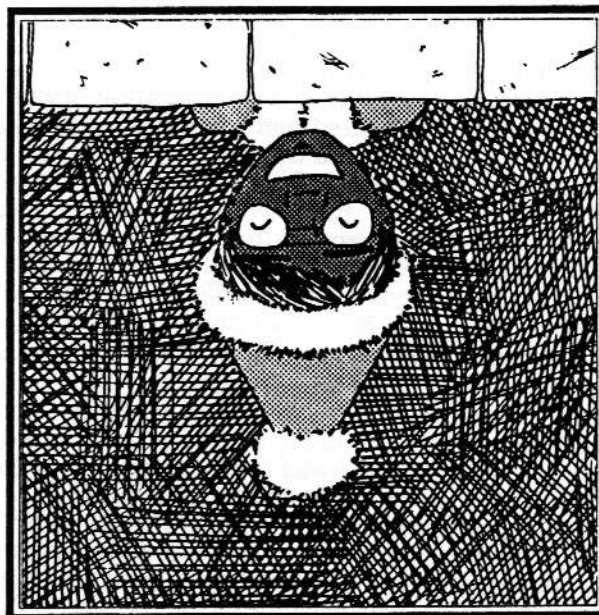
Vlad trimming his Christmas tree.



Vlad can't wait to find out what he'll be getting for Christmas!



A close-up of Vlad's Nativity scene, featuring Kasuga, the virgin Madoka and baby Kazuya.



"Santa" Ben coming down the chimney of the Pohnert's residence, intent on "borrowing" Vlad's anime collection.

ANSWERS TO 10% GAIKOKUGO:

Akira
Ice Tea (or Ice-T)
Borgman
Violence Jack
Macross
Gundam

Silent Mobius
Full Moon Story
Shampoo
Cyborgs
Toilet (useful)
Subaru